THE BOOTH DYNASTY

Some of the Peculiarities of a Distinguished Family.

DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO KNEW THEM

Genius Marred at Times by Mental Perversity.

AN OLD ACTOR'S MEMORIES of his son Junius, he went with Edwin to California.

Written for The Evening Star.



HAT THE BORDER line of sanity was touched by several members of the extraordinary Booth family I think will be conceded by all who were acquainted with their history and certainly by all who came in contact with them. It has been my hap-

piness to know them all personally, from the first, Junius Brutus, to the last and youngest.

The terrible deed of John Wilkes Booth, that struck down the foremost American of our time, had its origin in the disordered brain of the young man's father, for if not madness there was at least perversion of intellect in the progenitor of this brilliant and handsome family.

Junius Brutus Booth was still in the twenties when he measured himself against the great Edmund Kean, who then dominated the British stage. In spite of Booth's handsome, expressive face and powerful, meledious voice, that won him instant at-tention, Kean still continued to hold his

supremacy with press and public.

Booth had ability enough, but lacked steadiness of mind and tenacity of purpose, for had he persisted Kean's irregularities would soon have given him opportunity. But love triumphed over ambition. The would-be Roscius abandoned the contest.



Junius Brutus Booth, Sr.

left the field to his rival and eloped with the sweet and beautiful woman who be-came the mother of a family distinguished for great talent and beauty. He went to Amsterdam, where it is said he acted in the Dutch language. He was an accomplished linguist, for it is of record that he appeared as Orestes in Racine's tragedy at the French theater in New Orleans, where he received the highest acclaim. Theatrical tradition abounds with stories and anec-dotes of the vagaries and eccentricities of this singular genius.

Elder Booth's Facetionsness.

George Jamieson, an excellent actor, once told me that he was strolling with Booth along St. Charles street, New Orleans, when he (Jamieson) made some remark about the weather. Booth fell upon his knees there and then, exclaiming: "O wise young man, how much more art thou than thy looks." I told this to Edwin one day, and he said, "The old man was guying him. One night he gave us his idea of Othello, show he made as black as a negro. What with his wretched dressing and bandy legs, he was a sorry sight. Not even his fine reading could save it from occasional rip-ples of laughter. But despite his eccentricitles, he gave us some great acting during that, to me, memorable week. His Rien-ard and Shylock were intense and thrilling their whirlwind of passion.

The great scene in the "Iron Chest" with
Wilford is still vivid in my memory. His curse, should the boy reveal the terrible secret, was appalling in demoniac fury. The flesh still creeps at the mere recol-

Yet when the wonderful actor came from the scene he was as playful as a kitten. I had the part of Fitzhardinge, an old man. When he first saw me early in the evening he scrutinized me most mysteriously. "What do you play?" he asked. "Fitzhardinge," said I. "My boy, my dear boy, this won't do at all. You are not made up properly. Come with me and I'll fix you," and he did. I found out what amused the actors when I gleaved the actors when I gleaved the actors when I gleaved the actors. amused the actors when I glanced into a mirror. I was made up like Scaramouch. The great man was having fun with me.

A Kindly Footlight King. Yet he was kindness itself. I was very

young and very nervous, and had mislaid my cane. No young actor can play an old man w:thout a cane! The great man hunted every corner until he found it. When in Washington Booth and General



Consumption is no respecter of persons. The germs of this most dreadful of diseases float in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the money we handle. Perfectly harmless in a healthy body, they are absolutely deadly wherever weakness exists. The lungs are the most sensitive of all the vital organs. The delicate lining of the lung cells and passages is easily irritated. If the blood is impure and germful the lung lining soon becomes inflamed. Impure matter accumulates. If a consumption germ is in the body it lodges there and propagates. Soon the entire body is full of bacilli and consumption has bacilli and consumption has firm hold.

Many doctors say that consumption is incurable and necessarily fatal. are mistaken. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical, Discovery will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken promptly according to directions. It has cured thousands. It is quickly absorbed by the blood and searches out every disease germ in the body. It assists nature to throw off germs and all effete matter and restores the body to perfect health and

When the bowels are clogged they unload their impurities into the blood which in turn deposits them throughout the entire system. The victim of this condition suffers from headaches, blurred vision, heart-burn, sour stomach, foul taste in the mouth, flatulence and biliousness. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets promptly cure constipation and these attendant ills. One is a gentle axative. They never gripe. Druggists sell them. Substitutes are dangerous.

Sam Houston of Texas were great cronies. It was a picture worthy of Punch to see this eccentric pair take their afternoon promenade along Pennsylvania avenue. Houston stood six feet four inches and Booth about five feet five inches. As it was winter, Houston's ample shoulders were covered with a large gray blanket that reached to his heels, his grizzled head was surmounted by a huge Mexican sombrero. Booth was fashionably attired in a brown, long-skirted overcoat, with buttons high up in the small of his back, and his classic head held up a high-crowned silk hat; and head held up a high-crowned silk hat; and thus they marched, little Booth clinging to the arm and with difficulty keeping pace with the sturdy strides of the hero of San Jacinto. They were on pleasure bent, and were soon lost to the view of the amused pedestrian in the hospitable portals of a famous hostelry. I never saw this singular man and mighty master of tragic emotion again after this engagement at Washing-



His success there was marred by his reliability, and he returned, leaving Edwin there, and landed at New Orleans, where he acted for the last time, his closing parts being Sir Edward Mortimer in the "Iron Chest" and John Leimp in the "Review" at the St. Charles Theater. He boarded the steamboat J. S. Cheneworth, was taken suddenly ill, dying before he could reach medical aid, seemingly uncared for and almost unknown, an inglorious end to a most checkered career. On a visit to California in 1856 I first met

Junius Brutus Booth, jr., eldest son of the great actor. Like his father, his head was molded on classic lines, but he had a figure of more athletic proportions than the sire. A handsome face and amiable expression bespoke him a man whom it was pleasant to meet.

Junius Brutus, Jr.

While playing at the Chatham Theater, New York, the unsophisticated youth had been caught in the toils of matrimony by the experienced artist, Clemintina De Bar, sister of the noted Ben De Bar, comedian and manager. This lady was a most versatile actress, but far from prepossessing of feature. Tiring of this incompatible al-liance, young Junius sought the freer at-mosphere of California with the Argonauts and carried with him young and handsome Harriet Mace, whom he soon made his

I saw Junius often and found him a sen-sible, upright, amiable man. He had not the least taint of the ecentricity that marked the father and other of his brothers. Nor was there much of the suspicion of the "divine fire" that gave the father, Edwin and Wilkes a claim to be classed with the immortals. Yet he was a good actor and had some subreme moments. He was a superb athlete and had few peers with either foll or broadsword. With the celebrated maitre, Col. Monstery, who had his salle d'armes at Frank Wheeler's gymnasium in San Francisco, we had many a hot "assault" with foll and sword, often winding up with a few rounds of the manthe least taint of the ecentricity that winding up with a few rounds of the man-

Junius Brutus Booth, jr., came east in 1867, his wife having died, leaving a daugh-ter. He became lessee of the Boston Theater. He married Agnes Perry, a fine act-ress, relict of Harry Perry, an excellent actor, who died in California in 1861. Booth was not a successful manager any more than his brother Edwin. Later he leased Booth's Theater on 23d street and 6th ave-nue, in New York. He failed to make the rent for the owners, so Edwin told me. Neither were good managers for them-selves, but art did not suffer. It was said that Edwin lost \$500,000 in his theater. But in his time he earned over \$1,500,000 as a player.

The Beginnings of Edwin. Edwir, Booth had been in California for



Edwin Booth as a Young Man.

ters, excelling in negro dialect parts. He visited Australia in company with Laura Keene and his life-long friend, David C. Anderson, stopped at the Sandwich Islands on his way back to California, playing at San Francisco and Sacramento; with Hen ry Sedley, who was afterward editor of th Rourd Table, he was the chief player with Catherine Norton Sinclair, who had recently won her divorce suit from Edwin For

nanced his wife with unreasoning virulence He never forgave Edwin Booth for having played with her. Edwin had just finished a tour of the mining towns and closed his engagement at Sacramento preparatory to embarking for the eastern states, under contract to Ben Baker, to begin his career as a star to fill the void left by his father's death

leath.

I followed his engagement at the Forrest Theater, where Junius and his wife were principal players. Edwin Booth had been in California so long a time and had ap-peared so often, that notwithstanding his personal popularity, even this, his last en-gagement, had not yielded him an adequate sum to begin his journey east. A few of his friends railled again and asked me to give up one of my nights for a parting benefit to the young star and to participate in the performance. This I was most happy to do, although I had never met Edwin. On the evening of the day on which this matter had been so pleasantly arranged, I heard a knock at my dressing room door. I was in the act of changing my dress for the last act of "Ingomar." A siender, the last act of "Ingomar." A siender, graceful form slipped into the room. A pair of luminous eyes shone out from a beautiful oriental face illumined by as sweet a smile as ever came from a finely chiseled mouth. A hand was extended, which met with a firm and cordial grip. Only the brief simple words "Thank you.

came from his lips, and he disappeared. Edwin's Success in Ingo. I played Othello to his Iago, and the house

was packed. In his performance of this subtle part I saw then the budding fame that was to flower into a brilliant and prosperous career. And so began a friendship that only ended with his untimely death. He was not ungrateful, for during one of his brilliant engagements at the St. Charles Theater, New Orleans, he voluneered for my benefit, and, of course drew a tremendous audience, I acting Richmond to his Richard III. We acted together often in the south and west, but only once in New York, and that for Ben Baker's benefit. The play was "Othello," and I was terribly frightened, as I had never acted so great a part as the Moor in the metropolis. Here the sweetness of Booth's nature was again manifest, for words of encouragement came from him at the end of the great scene in the third act, when the audience summoned us before the curtain. We also appeared together at the theater in Boston. That able manager, Thomas Barry, was the lessee. Here he be-gan to show some of his eccentric habits

that marred the career of his father. On one of these nights the American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, was sitting far back in a private box. He was on a visit to his friend James Oakes, the "Acorn" of the New private box. He was on a visit to his friend James Oakes, the "Acorn" of the New York Spirit of the Times. Oakes told me afterward that the only comment Forrest made on his prospective rival was, "Why don't the young man learn his lines?" As Edwin had imbibed most of his father's great characters by ear in the theater, he did not trouble himself with the midnight oil. But now, as recognition of his fine powers came to him, he felt forced to contend for mastery with the holder of the dramatic crown. The fault that was tolerated and condoned in his father couldn't be overleoked in this promising son. Edwin ated and condoned in his father couldn't be overlooked in this promising son. Edwin himself began to perceive that the time had come to chasten and curtail the Bacchio ebullitions that destroyed his great father, if he expected to reach the height on which the master sat supreme. Edwin Forrest still held the scepter, and was in the very zenith of his great powers when the daring young actor made his gallant attack on the intellectual world by his ideal presentation of Hamlet at the Winter Garden in New York. I saw him quite often during the hundred-night run of this play. Chatting one day he said: "I understand you acted Charles de Moor in German in San Francisco. I intend to visit Germany some day cisco. I intend to visit Germany some day and should like to play Hamlet in that language." He Acted in Germany.

He acquired this notion from the fact

that he had acted Iago to the Othello of the distinguished German actor, Bogomil Daneson, who spoke the part of the Moor in German. Mme. Scheller spoke the part of Desdemona in both languages. As I was then to appear in German as Othello with her at the Stadt Theater, our conversation naturally flowed in that direction. He did go to Germany, although he stuck to his own vernacular, surrounded by German players, who were his greatest admirers. Ovations greeted him everywhere, the actors crowning him with laurel. His triumphs there and his brilliant associa-tion with Irving at the Lyceum Theater, London, are matters of record. His sulendid career in this country has furnished thenes for many loving poetic pens.

In the winter of 1858-9 I was in Estimore acting with Avonia Jones, who later married the tragedian, Gustavus V.Brooks,

ceptible Mary, who was a cheery, bright and pretty girl. We were all young then, and exchanged the secrets of lovers. I dined with him at his modest home, and met his stately mother and accomplished sisters. Asia and Rosalie. Asia afterward married John Sleeper Clarke, the comedian, and settled in London. Edwin took me out to Greenmount cemetery, where had placed a noble granite shaft over

grave of his father, with the simple in-

in Australia. Avonia and Mary Devlin were very intimate. Edwin was then at

nome laying desperate siege to the sus-



Junius Brutus Booth, Jr.

other the family motto, "Dum spiro spiro." I have known him in every relation of life; with his fellow players he was ever considerate, courteous and kind. As a son, in his household showing deference and affection to his amiable mother and affection to his amiable mother and cultured sisters. He was chivalric and true, both as lover and husband. Once only can I remember having seen him roused to anger, giving vent in strong terms to his outraged sense of justice. It was after the death of his second wife, Mary McVicker, or rather, Mary Runnion, for she was not James McVicker's child. He had been easily managed through his affectionate, ient nature, while this extraordinaril; gifted being lived; but when death severed the tie that held his loyal soul, their greed of gain became too manifest; they crowded him too far, and he asserted his manhood him too far, and he asserted his manhood. There never was a sweeter, gentler nature than that which inhabited the mortal tenement called Edwin Booth. His charities were many, but secret. Few knew that within a short time of his death he bought an annuity for the aged actor, Edmon S. Connor. His reverence for his noble actors to the booth to the boot mon S. Connor. His reverence for his noble art and his high view of the actors' His reverence for his calling is gioriously exemplified by the munificent endowment of the Players' Club in Grammercy Park, so lovingly complished under the intelligent guidance of those active spirits and constant friends and companions, William Bispham, Chas E. Carryl, Lawrence Hutton, E. C. Bene E. Carryl, Lawrence Hutton, E. dict and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

John Wilkes Booth. John Wilkes Booth I first met in the summer of 1858. It was in a billiard room next to Grace Church, managed by Michael Phelan, then the champion of the cue. We played several games; he was an expert. Indeed, he excelled in all athletic sports. Like his brother "June," he was a master of fence. I was struck with his easy movements of alluring, springy grace. The classic Booth head sat above broad should-ers and deep chest. Taller than any of the other Booths, his frame was compactly knit and instilled with life in every He was then engaged to Matt Canning to go to Montgomery, Ala., to take his initia tion in the great roles that made his father famous, and in which Edwin was now forg ing ahead for first place in the dramatic

I did not see him again until the winter of 1865. He was then a full-fledged star in some of his father's parts, and had made his mark in the south and west. But sud-denly his voice failed. He was compelled to remain idle, his time being passed main-ly in Washington. From there he could easily run over to Bel Air, the home of the family in Maryland. He was a great favorite in Washington society; his talent as an actor, beauty of person and engaging manners made him a welcome guest in any company. The men were charmed and the women fascinated. It was said that the handsome and witty daughter of a certain famous senator was greatly in love with him, and it was soon rumored that their engagement was shortly to be an-nounced, when Booth's terrible crime put an end to the romantic episode.

The peculiar teaching, or rather lack of teaching, of the head of the Booth family,

and the vagaries of that extraordinary man, found perhaps greater expression in John Wilkes than in any other of the children. Raised in this wild and free way, without the restraint of proper parental influence in the father, and surrounded by the atmosphere of a so-called chivalry which then had greater expression in Maryland than any other southern state, it is perhaps not so surprising after all that young Wilkes became imbued with the same ideas of our government that im-pelled the great spirits of the south to rebel. As I have said, he had access to all circles in the capital. The departments were honeycombed with southern sympathizers. Everything was ripe for a conspiracy. The loss of his voice made him brood. The prospect of fame as an actor seemed to be passing from him. His brother Edwin had the field. He must do something to impress himself upon man-kind and leave a name. In Richard he had often spoken the lines, "The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome outlives in

fame the plous fool that raised it. Before Lincoln's Death.

That was better than no fame at all. It was at this time I saw him again at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, I was acting in the "Corsican Brothers" at Niblo's. He saw the duel scene and spoke about it next day. I remembered afterward his eyeing me from head to foot, saying. "You handle a sword pretty well" I replied: "I have had many a bout with both of your brothers, and especially with 'June,' who is a master." "How long is your engagement?" he inquired. "A month longer, gagement?" he inquired. "A month longer," said I. He paused, eyeing me curiously, surveying me from head to foot. "When you are through here," said he, "take a run down to Washington. I have some enterprises on hand that may interest you; I'll give you a good time, and if you fall in with my ideas, we'll make a fortune." I asked him why he did not act. "Oh, my

the distemper that lay in the blood of an ill-regulated mind in the father, which skipped the other children and lodged in the superficial brain of the mad Wilkes.

CHARLES POPE.

MR. RAT OF RENO COUNTY.

Populist Statesmen Make Merry Over His Request for a New Name. From the Topeka State Journal.

A to-be-pitied individual, residing somewhere in Reno county, whose ancestors by some malicious streak of fortune became possessed of the surname Rat, and carefully handed it down unchanged from generation to generation, succeeded in having bill introduced in the present house of representatives asking that he be allowed by law to establish a new family name. The n.embers of the house, realizing the man's unfortunate plight, cheerfully acceded to the request and passed the bill, but when it reached the senate Saturday afternoon it met an entir-ily different fate. Not only did the members of that body ruthlessly slaughter the bill, leaving Mr. Rat to continue living with a name which is undoubtedly the bane of his life, but they also took the concrtunity of having fun at Mr. Rat's opportunity of having fun at Mr. Rat's expense.

The bill came up under the consideration

of local measures, and was at once opposed by Senator Farrelly, who stated that the senate had decided not to change any names, and had turned down bills of a similar nature, and that no exceptions to the rule should be made. He was followed by Senator Hessin, who said:
"I know the rule of this body has been not to act favorably on measures of this

not to act ravorably on measures of this kind, but if there was ever an exception I think we have reached it in this case. I think that we should not only grant this man's request, but should also give him a name, and I therefore offer as an amendment that the word 'hole' be attached to the name 'Rat.'" Senator Farrelly—"As an amendment to the amendment, I ask that the amendment be laid under the table."

Senator Hessin-"As an amendment to the amendment to the amendment, I want the man who proposed it to be laid under the table with my amendment. Senator Jumper—"I move that the amendment to the amendment to the amendment, and the men who proposed the amen ments,

and the men who proposed the amen mens, be all stuffed in the hole together."

With all the fun, nobody said anything that even approached second-class wit.

Some member finally moved that the bill be recommended not to be passed. This motion carried, and Mr. Rat will be com-pelled to either bear up under his load for at least two years longer, or apply to the district court in his county to give him the relief he wants. The latter is the shortest and most satisfactory way to manage such matters, and the legislature is justified in not paying attention to bills to change

CABIN IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN It Was Torn Down and Then Again

George H. Yenowine in St. Nicholas. Twelve years ago the cabin in which Lincoln was born was torn down, and the logs were hauled to an adjoining farm, and used in the construction of another house. The old farm had practically been abandoned, and nearly all the people in the neighborhood had quite forgotten, a second time within a decade since the death of Lincoln, that he was born on the "Lincoln Spring farm," as the place has always been called. The Lincoin birthplace is fifty-four miles southeast of Louisville. It can be reached from Louisville by going to Eliza-bethtown, in Hardin county, a distance of forty-two miles, and then taking another road from Elizabethtown to Hodgensville, a ride of twelve miles. The Lincoln Spring farm is three miles from this quaint old town, on Nolin's creek, directly on the pub-lic road leading from Hodgensville to Bu. falo, a village six miles to the east. It is a pleasant twenty minutes' drive over a good dirt road, through a poor, but intersting country.
The original Lincoln cabin had been torn

down, and the materials had been moved away, as stated, by a man named Tom Davenport, who used the logs in his own

W. Dennett, a New York gentleman, not long ago bought the Davenport house, recovered the logs, and, after much difficulty, restored the cabin exactly as it was originally, using the very same timbers, door, window and frames. It occupies the former site, and is in much the same condition as it was when the Lincolns left The cabin is eighteen feet long, sixteen feet wide and about twelve feet high, counting from the floor to the ridge pole. There is only one door and one window-the latter an opening twenty inches square A larg open fireplace, built in the most primitive way, occupies nearly the whole of one end of the cabin. The chimney is made of small logs, placed together just as log houses are built. Inside of it, flat stones placed on the ground made the hearth, and wide flat stones placed against the logs kept the fire within bounds and protected the wooden chimney. The inside, from the hearthstones to the top of the chimney, was thickly daubed with clay. The chimney reaches only half way to the roof of the house, and is rounded off with small sticks. This simple fireplace furnished most of the light, all of the heat, and the sole means for cooking the meals for the family. The cabin did not have even a loft, or second story, as have most cabins. It was built by Thomas Lincoln, father of the President, some time about 1804 or 1805, and was entirely constructed with an ax and saw, the simple tools of the pioneers. The clapboard roof was anchored down by small logs, laid lengthwise on top of the rows of oak boards. There were no nalls or hardware. The door hinges were of wood, and the paneless windows had an inside board shutter, held in place by rawhide thongs. There were chinks and mud between the logs, and the puncheon floor was pegged down. It is probable 'hat af-ter Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was killed by the Indians at Long Run meeting house, in Jefferson county, Ky., the family went further into the forest, and took up a section of land in La Rue, then part of Hardin county. Later, to better his for-tune, Thomas Lincoln left this farm on tune, Thomas Lincoln left this farm on Nolin's creek, and settled on Knob creek, a lozen miles from Hodgensville, and fr there he went to Indiana, and later to Illi-

It matters little what it is that you want -whether a situation or a servant-a "want" ad. in The Star will reach the person who can fill your need.

An Opal. A rose of fire shat in a veil of snow,
An April gleam athwart a misted sky:
A jewel—a soul gaze deep if thou woulds:
The fiame-wrought spell of its pale wite
And now each tremulous beauty lies re
And now the drifted snow doth beauty

So my shy love, aneath her kerchief white, Holdeth the glamour of the East in fee; Warm Puritan—who fears her own delight, Who trembleth over that she yieldeth me. And now her lips her heart's rich flame have

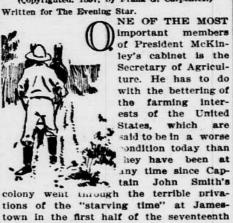
And now they pale that they have been so bold —EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE. The Fate of the New Woman.



Child-"Who is that, ma?"

EXPERIMENT STATIONS

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.)



any time since Captain John Smith's colony went through the terrible privations of the "starving time" at Jamestown in the first half of the seventeenth century. Heretofore the republican majorities of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have ome from the farmers, but at the last election McKinley was saved by the vote of the cities. The future of the present regime depends upon making things better for the farmers. They are, in fact, the ruling class of the United States. There are more of them than of any other profession. By the last census forty-four out of every hundred persons in the United States were engaged in agricultural pursuits. We have today in the neighborhood of 5,000,900 farms, which are worth, all told, more than thirteen billion dollars. We make a profit in good years of something like two billion dollars out of farm products, and it is more than farms that products, and it is upon the farms that we depend to a large extent for good or bad times. If the farmers are doing well money flows like water, and the sun of prosperity shines. When they are doing ill the dark clouds of discontent breed anarchy, socialism and false financial theories, and adversity reigns. The Boss of All the Farmers.

Agriculture is now a very important factor. Who is the man that McKinley has chosen? What kind of a man is he? What is he going to do? I can answer these questions in part in the chat which I had with

You will thus see that the Secretary of

tions in part in the chat which I had with Secretary James Wilson at the Agricultural Department today. I had a letter of introduction to the new Secretary from Senator W. B. Allison, and as soon as my card was sent in I was admitted. A tall, angular, plain-looking man of about sixty years of age began to get up as I entered the door. By the time I had reached his desk he was on his feet. His long right arm was stretched out toward mine and his horny hand gave me a cordial old-fashioned shake. It was James Wilson, the new Secretary of Agriculture, the man who is known all over the west as one of the best farmers of the the west as one of the best farmers of the Mississippi valley, and who is noted among agriculturists everywhere as being one of the most practical, up-to-date authorities upon everything connected with farming. He asked me to be seated and for an hour we chatted together about himself, the American farmer and what Uncle Sam night do for him. Mr. Wilson is a good talker. His voice is slightly metallic and his words come out at the rate of about two hundred per minute. He has as many homely expressions as had Abraham Lincoln and his talk is as full of ideas as an egg is full of meat. He is a well-educated man, not far from that upon which Secretary Wilson was born. From time to time as we talked the clerks would bring in papers and letters for the Secretary's advice or signature, and I could see how rapidly and how carefully Mr. Wilson handled in business. He was not at all disturbed by the interruptions, and I noticed that he followed each letter line by line with his finger before he put his signature to it. I saw several other instances of his careful business ways. At one period in the con-versation a clerk brought in a requisition for a horse. As he laid it down before the Secretary he said that the horse which this new animal was to displace had been in the service of the department twenty-four years and that this warrant authorized one of the clerks to go up to Virginia and buy

another.
"Who is the man who is to do the buying?" asked the Secretary.
"He is the assistant veterinary professor of the department," was the reply "Well," said the Secretary, "send him in. I want to see what he knows about a

horse before I send him out to buy one." How He Learned Farming.

During my chat with Secretary Wilson asked him how he came to know anything about farming. He replied: "I was born a farmer, and I was brought

up amid the traditions of the farm. My ancestors for generations have made their living by tilling the soll. I was born near Ayr, Scotland. My father wanted to come to America before he was married, but his parents would not let him. The journey to America then was about as much of an un dertaking as a trip to the moon would be today. So father settled down upon the farm in Scotland. There I was born and there I lived until I was sixteen. Then we all came to America. We settled first in Connecticut and farmed near Norwich. About three years later my father got the western fever, and we moved out to Iowa. Iowa was at that time far west. We came there ten years in advance of the railroad. Father entered some land, and I worked with him three years, when I took up some land of my own. Well, I have been farming

of my own. Well, I have been farming from that day to this."
"But, Mr. Secretary," said I, "what kind of a farmer are you? Uncle Jerry Rusk, when he was Secretary of Agriculture, told me that part of his life he had been a farmer and part of it an agriculturist. I asked him what he meent helper a head here what he went helper and here what he went here." asked him what he meant by that, and he said that the farmer was the man who made money by farming, but that the agriculturist was the man who spent lots money on experiments, but usually came out behind."

'Yes," replied the Secretary, with a laugh, "and another definition of the two terms is: "The farmer farms the farm, but the agriculturist farms the farmer.' I don't know what you might call me, believe in practical scientific farming. have made money in farming. At least I have made my farm. I had nothing when I started, and I have now a farm of a thousand acres and a good one."

"How much is land worth in Iowa?" "It depends on the land," was the reply.
"Within the past two years I have paid as high as \$62 an acre for land. Plenty of our land is worth \$75 an acre, and almost everywhere in Iowa farm lands are worth as high as \$40 per acre."

Money in Farming. "But, Mr. Secretary, can the farmers make

money out of land at such prices? Is there any money in farming, and would you advise a young man to go into it to make

"The most of our farmers in Iowa are "The most of our farmers in lowa are making money," replied Mr. Wilson. "If your young man is the right kind of a young man, if he has a liking for farming and has enough business sense to farm rightly, he can do well. In buying a farm, however, he should go out to look at the land with a spade in his hand, and should know that some kinds of land are hardly know that some kinds of land are hardly cheap at any price. He should study the soil and the markets, and become a farmof raw materials for other people to make money out of them."
"What do you mean by that, Mr. Secretary?" said I.

tary?" said I.

"I mean just what I say," replied Mr.
Wilson. "It is the farm manufacturers
who are making the money today. It is
the men who are taking their raw materials and turning them into meat and selling the meat who are making the money.
It is the follows who are sailing the grain It is the fellows who are selling the grain who are losing. Take my region! I live in the greatest corn belt on the globe

voice is in bad shape; besides, I must look after my coal and oil lands. I have bought near Cleveland, Ohlo." We shook hands cordially and wirted.

Two months fater, after midnight on the morning of April 14, 1865, when going to my room, I heard the newsboys cry: "Extra!" Booth had shot President Lincoln. Excited and maddened crowds surged through, the streets. No one would believe that a Booth could be guilty of such an unspeakable crime. Remembering the conversation with Wilkes on the steps of the Metropolitan Hotel, I said to myself: "It is true." Ng, language can give expression to the detestation of the crime that took the life of the greatest man America has produced. "Yet Wilkes Booth was no hired assassin!" The spirit of exaltation that made him exclaim as he leaped upon the stage after the fatal shot "Sic semper tyrannis!" was but the natural outcome of the distemper that lay in the blood of an ill semilated middle in the stage of Indian corn. There are six states, including lowa, which produce over a billion bushels of shelled corn every year. The price of this corn it soid is only 13 cents a bushel. If you turn it into meat it will bring you 40 cents a bushel. That is the difference between 13 cents and 40 cents, the difference between 18 cents and 40 cents, the difference between 18 is profit and a big loss. The poor farmer slink is given the stage after the fatal shot "Sic semper tyrannis!" was but the natural outcome of the distemper that lay in the blood of an ill semple to make the matural outcome of the distemper that lay in the blood of an ill semple the father which Many Days Without Any Food at All-

> "I suppose that is the kind of farming you do, Mr. Secretary?"
> "Yes," was the reply. "I have been raising corn for more than forty years and I have never sold a bushel. I raise hogs and stock and I feed all the grain that I make."

raises it has to make money over the

what do you think of that country as a

market for our corn. Secretary Rusk, you

Foolish Expenditures. "Speaking of Europe, Mr. Secretary,

cow, sent an agent into Europe to Introjuce it there. They nicknamed him Corn
Meal Murphy. Mr. Murphy estimated that
we could easily increase the value of our
corn crop at least one hundred million
collection of the mean of the management of the could collect the collection of the
That is all import for the collection of it.
The European farmers don't want our corn.
They know that corn is very poor in nitrogenous matter. It does not make good
manure. The percentage of nitrogen in
corn is only about 1 to 10, while flax seed
and cotton seed meal are almost half nitrogen. The European farmers have to have
food that will enrich their lands. So they
import the refuse of our oil mills by the
flobe? We use more patient any
people, and we import quantities of flax
seed from India and other countries to
make linseed oil. Much of the refuse of
this seed goes to Europe. The farmers
there understand its value, and we, who
ought to keep it, let it go. We, on the other
hand, inport nothing from Europe flat
adds to our material wealth. One of our
chief imports, for instance, is sugar. This
is largely made up of starch. Now, the
starchy elements of plants come from the
alt. Sugar is not good for manure. Yell
sugar and it would not raise a crop. Still
we pay other countries more than a hundred million dollars a year for it. It is practically paying a hundred million dollars a
year for air. Think of it:"

He Belleves in Beet Sugar.

"We can," replied Secretary Wilson, "and
I have already taken steps to encourage
the growth of the sugar beet in this country. We are now sending out beet seed to
different parts of the Misstsippi valley.
There hoves of Dr. Williams' Pink Fills for be
the usagar beet, and we ought to make all
the of our own sugar. We are now paying
ill stagar beet, and we ought to make all
the of our own sugar. We are now paying
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the growth of the sugar beet know, sent an agent into Europe to introduce it there. They nicknamed him Corn

of cane sugar from Cuba. I believe the time will come when we will raise all we need."

"You were speaking of Germany, Mr. Sec-

products without cause as they have in the past?
"No," was the reply, "we shall stop that, I think. We have already begun move-ments toward that end. We have given orders through the Treasury Department that no meat shall be allowed to go out of this country that has not been inspected by the agents of this department. Every piece of meat that is carried abroad will piece of meat that is carried abroad will have a certificate of inspection. If the Germans discriminate against such meat they must show the reason why, and if they cannot, there will certainly be a dis-crimination against them as to the things which they send to this country. This mat-ter of foreign trade is a business matter. If the Germans will not treat us fairly we can easily retailed. We import something can easily retaliate. We import something like ninety-odd million of dollars' worth of goods from Germany every year, though the balance of trade last year was a little in our favor."
"Mr. Secretary," said I, "you have been connected with the Iowa Agricultural Col-

lege. Are such colleges doing very much good?"
"Yes, indeed, they are," was the reply. "They are making better farmers. The suc-cessful farmer of the future is to be an cessful farmer of the future is to be an educated farmer. My boys went to the agricultural college, and they are now on farms and are doing well. You can see what I think of farming by the fact that I trained my boys for it, and that they intend to make it their life work.

Form Lands as an Investment. "Do you consider farm lands a good in

vestment, Mr. Secretary?" "Yes, I believe that they will rise in need food, and we have some of the best food lands on the globe. The Mississippi basin alone could feed 100,000,000, and this is only a small part of our good soil. We are already the greatest manufacturing nation of the globe, and our mineral reources are such that we will ultimately sources are such that we will diffinately have an enormous manufacturing population, and the supplying of food for this will create a great demand for farm products, and land will grow more valuable as the

country fills up.

"Are the farms of the future to be small "They will probably become smaller as

"Will our farmers ever live in villages, as the farmers of Germany do?"
"No, I think not," replied Secretary Wilson. "I look for the railroads to travel among the farms, and for electricity or some other motive power to carry the far-mer and his products to and from the markets. Rapid transit will bring the farmer sufficiently together. I don't think we will ever have the socialism of Germany among "What is the cause of the disaffection

"What is the cause of the disaffection among the farmers today?"

"The low prices of farm products is one of the causes," said Secretary Wilson.

"This, added to the lack of knowledge of how to make the most of their opportunities, is keeping many of our farmers poor. I don't think the farmers are badly off today. These who are in straits are largely men who have begun farming without capwho have begun farming without capital, and who have not mixed their manure with brains and economy. There are thou-sands of farmers in my state today who are making money and there are thousands who will continue to do so."

Uncle Sam's Farm News Syndicate. "How do you like being Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Wilson, and what do you expect to do here?"

"I can't answer that just yet," replied the Secretary. "I am still like a cat in a strange garret, and I do not know all of the holes and corners. I believe, however, that there is much to be done, and that we can accomplish considerable by going to work in the right way. There is a rev-olution going on in our farming methods. Slipshod farming will have to pass away and the farmer of the future will put in his licks where they will do the most good. and the farmer of the tadar the most good.

LOST APPETITE.

COULD NOT EAT THE MOST TEMPTING DISHES.

Can Eat Four Square Meals a Day Now-The Cause of the Change.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohlo.

For the restoration of an appetite which has been impaired or lost through sickness, no remedy can compare in effectiveness with Dr. Williams Pink Pins for Paie People. This statement is substantiated by the experience and declarations of men and women with whom these pills have become a hous-hold medicine. Among the many who can offer testimony to this particular property of Dr. Walikams' Pink Pilis is George Marshall, Jr., who lives at No. 13 Norwich Street, Cleveland, Ohlo. Mr. Marshall is a news agent on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Radirond, and his territory extends from Cleveland to Toledo. Like thousands of others who over their health and vigor to Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis, Mr. Marshall never hesitates to sing their puniess. In his case it was necessary to use only a few lookes of the pills to restore him to the full possession of hoddly health. His digestive organs and become almost useless through a long and serious illness, but in a surprisingly brief period, through the agency of this wonderful medicine, they were capable of again performing their functions in a regular and perfectly satisfactory manner. In marrating his experience with them Mr. Marshall said:

"Last spring I was taken sick with inflamma-

the experiment stations, which are lo-cated all over the country. Then men at these stations are studying the soils, the "You were speaking of Germany, Mr. Sected and the crops and the state and the crops most profitably adapted to their region. They are sending out valuable builetins giving the results of their experiments, and advice to the farriers in regard to different matters. I think. We have already begun movements toward that end. We have given ready organized a system to get them in to the hands of the right people. We have already a list of a hundred thousand names and we will soon have a million. We are going to form a syndicate of farm news for the farmers. It will be Uncle Sam's syndicate, and it will not cost the farm-ers a cent. We will make the different states do their share in the work, but we propose to push matters all along the line and to give out everything that we can learn on how to farm profitably and well." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO AMERICA. There Was Great Excitement Over His Trip to the United States.

"It is difficult to understand, at this late day, what a furore of excitement passed

over this country when Lafayette arrived once more in America. The visit is an historic event to be remembered while memory endures. During President Monroe's second administration the United States extended its invitation to Lafayette. He arrived at Staten Island on August 15 (Sunday), 1824, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and also by his son-in-law. A formal reception took place on the following day-the first fruits of the value. We have a vast population. It is most abundant harvest of welcome which steadily growing. The world will always Lafayette was to receive during his year of travel through the United States.

"Lafayette was sixty-seven years old "Lafayette was sixty-seven years old when he visited America as the nation's guest, and carried his years lightly. His head was shaped like that of Burns. He had a high forehead, long, aquiline nose, and a rather thin face. His hair was sandy and quite plentiful. His eyes were dark gray, restless and twinkling; his eyebrows, light in color, but heavily marked. His mouth was firm, and his lips smiled courteously at the haliday crowd assembled to teously at the holiday crowd assembled to do him honor. The general was not very tall, but well made. His face was distinctly pleasant, and its expression was an odd mixture of shrewdness, decision and gay good humor. His costume was a swallowtailed coat and trousers of dark brown, with a great display of white waistcoat and neckcloth. A bunch of seals hung from a broad black ribbon at his waist. Over his shoulders hung a cloth riding cloak, green ish blue in color and lined with red."

The Good Old Things. We used to have old-fashioned things, like homing and greets,
We used to have just common soup made out of
pork and beans;
But now it's boullion, consomme, and things made

And Pot au Feu and Julienne, since my daughter's

We used to have a piece of beef just ordin meat,
And pickled pigs' feet, spare ribs, too, and other
things to eat;
While now it's fillet and ragout, and leg of mutton
braised.
And macaroni au gratin, and sheep's head Hollandaised

The good old things have passed away, in silent, sad retreat; We've lots of high-falutin' things, but nothing much to eat.

And while I never say a word, and always pleasant look. You bet Γve had dyspepsia since my daughter's

From the Detroit Free Press.

woman hater," sneered the young lady from Chicago. "That was before he had met our Detroit girls," smiled Miss Cadillac. "He ad-

"Why that man was always a crabbed

nits his misfortune in having been brought

